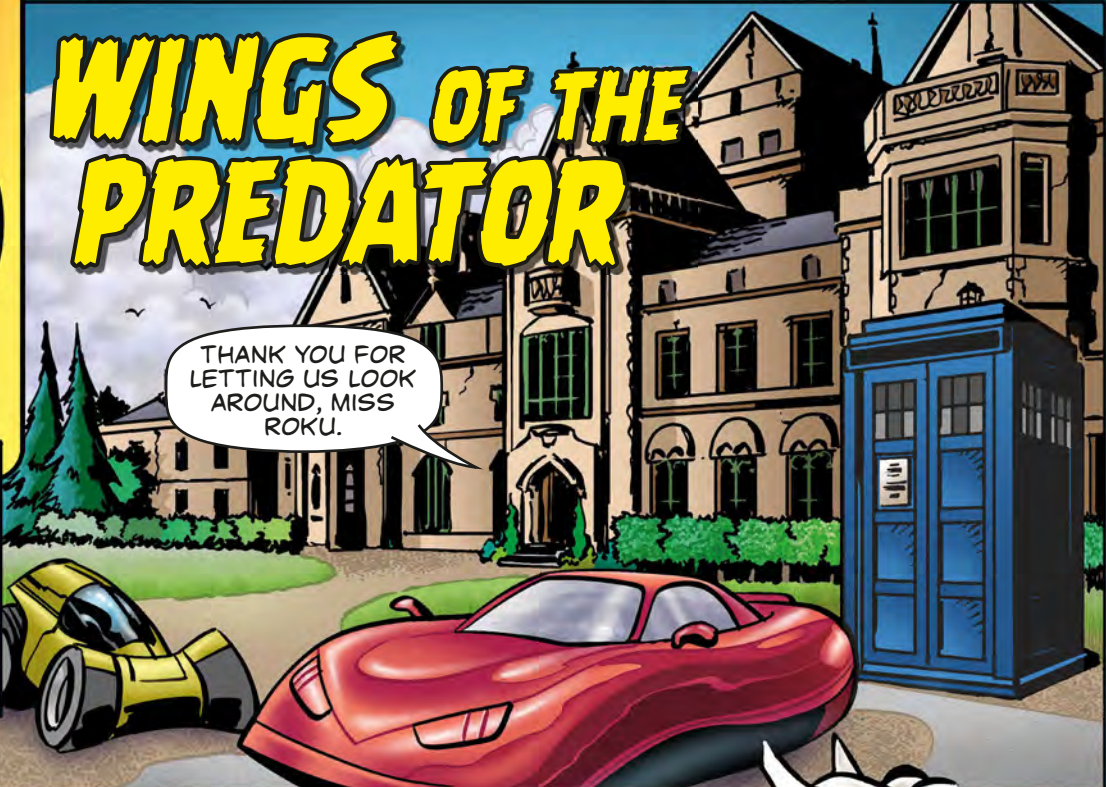
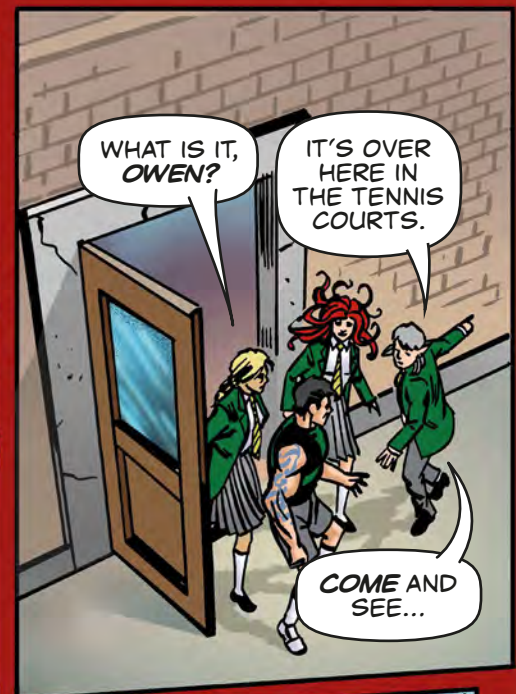
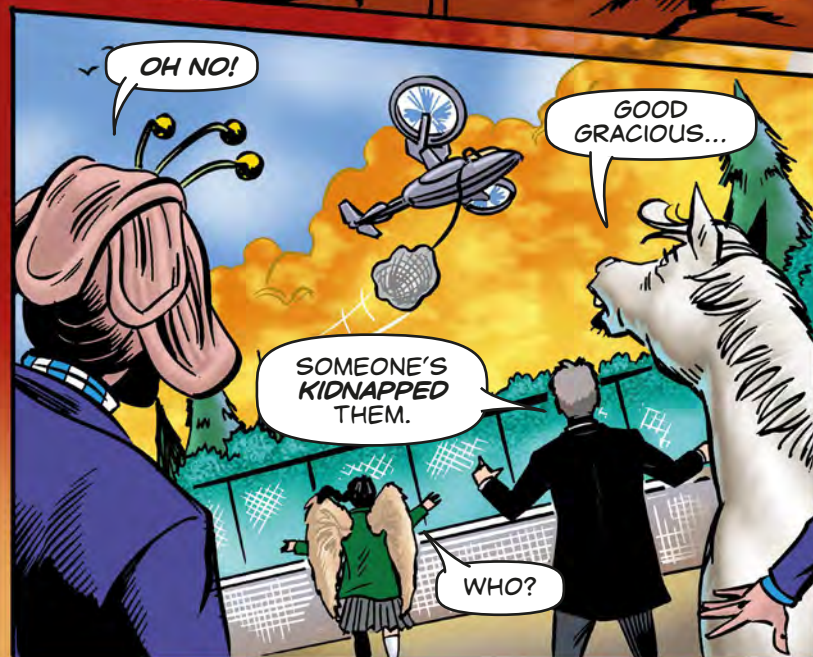


WINGS OF THE PREDATOR







CONTINUED
ON PAGE 22



STOP
SNIVELLING.



YOU **CAN'T**
DO THIS!

WE CERTAINLY
CAN. YOU'RE OUR
PRISONERS.

UNTIL YOUR
RICH **PARENTS**
COUGH UP A
HUGE RANSOM.

NOW, DOES
ANYONE NEED
THE **LOO?**

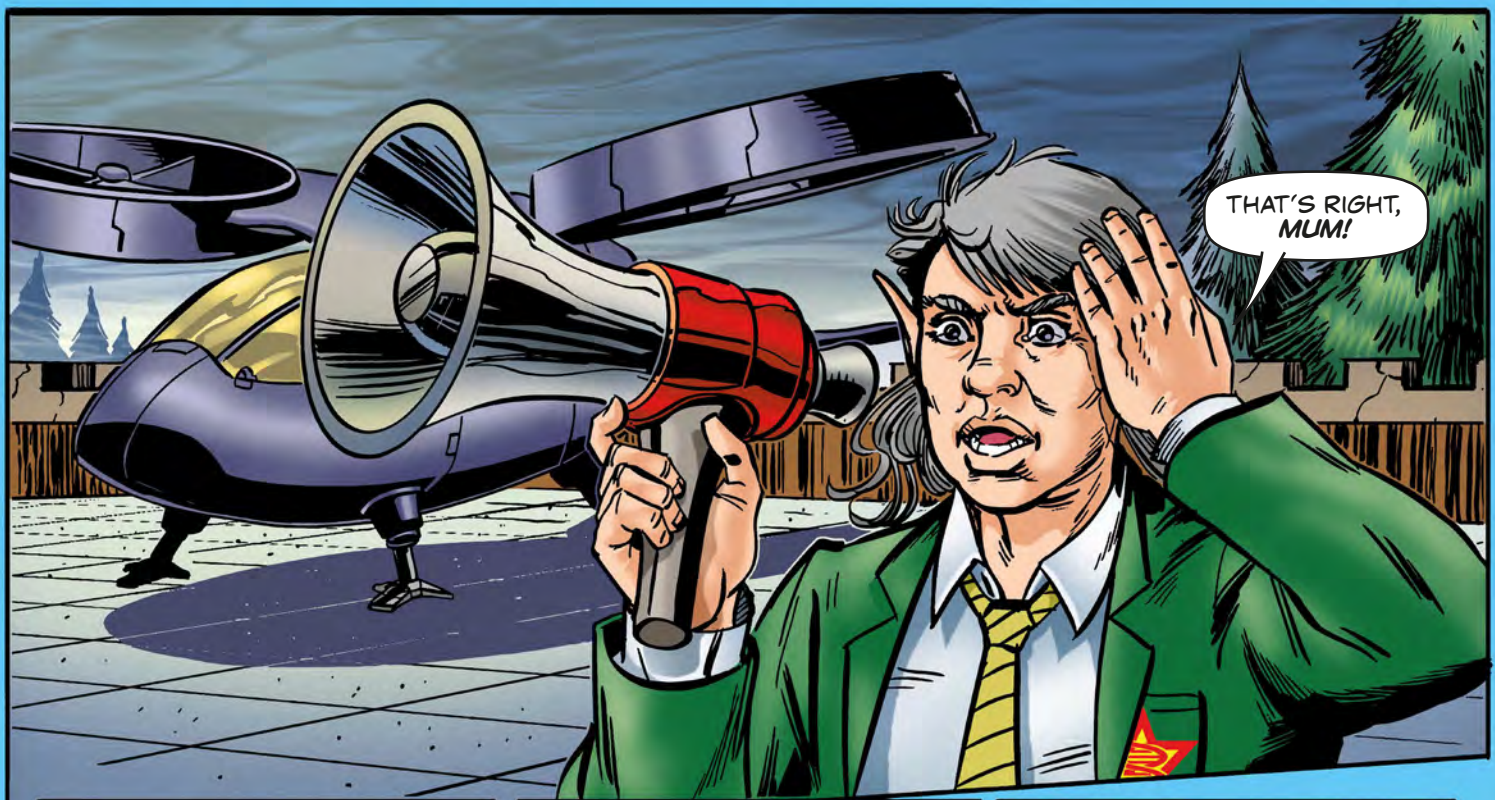
WE'LL HAVE
TO WORK OUT
A ROTA.

SOMEONE WILL
RESCUE US!

THAT'S **RIGHT.**
THEY'RE PROBABLY
ON THEIR WAY NOW.

HA! NO ONE
CAN GET **NEAR**
THIS PLACE.

IF THEY EVEN
TRY OUR SPECIAL
SENTINEL WILL
HEAR THEM...





AH, THE CALL OF
THE EASTERN
SCREECH OWL.

I IMAGINE HE
HEARD THAT!

SHREEE-YAKK!



DID YOU HEAR THAT?

LISTEN!

I DON'T LISTEN.

THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE A SON FOR.

I'M AFRAID YOUR SON'S ALL TIED UP.

AS ARE YOU NOW.

ABOUT TIME SOMEONE TURNED UP!

WE'RE DREADFULLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

STILL I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD SAY THANK YOU.

DON'T THANK ME.

IT WAS YOUR SCHOOLMATE, STRIGGY.

WHAT, OWL GIRL?

THAT'S RIGHT.

SPPPROING!



IT WAS ME.

YOU SEE, THE SPECIAL SERRATED FEATHERS ON AN OWL'S WING ALLOW SILENT FLIGHT.

SO SHE WAS ABLE TO SNEAK UP ON YOUR KIDNAPPERS.

THAT'S SO COOL!

